NUMB. CL.

The GUARDIAN.

Admiranda canam levium ſpectacula rerum. Virg.

Saturday, September 5. 1713.

THERE is no Paſſion which ſteals into the Heart more imperceptibly, and covers it ſelf under more Diſguiſes, than Pride. For my own part, I think if there is any Paſſion or Vice which I am wholly a Stanger to, it is this; tho', at the ſame time, perhaps this very Judgment which I form of my ſelf, proceeds in ſome meaſure from this corrupt Principle.

I have been always wonderfully delighted with that Sentence in Holy Writ, *Pride was not made for Man*. There is not indeed any ſingle view of human Nature under its preſent Condition, which is not ſufficient to extinguiſh in us all the ſecret Seeds of Pride; and, on the contrary to ſink the Soul into the loweſt State of Humility, and what the School-men call Self-Annihilation. Pride was not made for Man, as he is,

1. A Sinful,

2. An Ignorant,

3. A Miſerable Being.

There is nothing in his Underſtanding, in his Will, or in his preſent Condition, that can tempt any conſiderate Creature to Pride or Vanity.

(Price Two Pence.)

Theſe three very Reaſons why he ſhould not be Proud, are notwithſtanding the Reaſons why he is ſo. Were not he a Sinful Creature, he would not be ſubject to a Paſſion which riſes from the Depravity of his Nature; were he not an Ignorant Creature, he would ſee that he has nothing to be Proud of; and were not the whole Species Miſerable, he would not have thoſe wretched Objects of Compariſon before his Eyes, which are the Occaſions of this Paſſion, and which make one Man value himſelf more than another.

A wiſe Man will be contented that his Glory be deferred till ſuch time as he ſhall be truly glorified; when his Underſtanding ſhall be cleared, his Will rectified, and his Happineſs aſſured; or in other Words, when he ſhall be neither Sinful, nor Ignorant, nor Miſerable.

If there be any thing which makes human Nature appear *ridiculous* to Beings of ſuperior Faculties, it muſt be Pride. They know ſo well the Vanity of thoſe imaginary Perfections that ſwell the Heart of Man, and of thoſe little ſupernumerary Advantages, whether in Birth, Fortune, or Title, which one Man enjoys above another, that it muſt certainly very much aſtoniſh, if it does not very much divert them, when they ſee a Mortal puffed up, and valuing